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BY THE

Rev. ROBERT TAYLOR, B.A.,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, AUTHOR OF THE "DEVIL'S PULPIT," "DIEGESIS," "ASTRONOMICO-THEOLOGICAL LECTURES," &c.

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THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

"AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS."—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE HOLY GHOST:

A WHITSUNTIDE SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV. ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, MAY 29, 1831.

"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—MATTHEW xii, 31.

So so, gentlemen! then we're in for it. So stands the text, and not alone in Matthew xii, 31, which I have repeated; but again, without any material variation, in Mark iii., 28, and Luke xii., 10, —so that there's no getting out of it.

Why, what a comfortable, delightful, consolatory thing this gospel is! What glad tidings of grea joy for all people. What infinite obligation are we under to the clergy for imparting this precious bit of comfort for us: as if they had thought we couldn't be miserable enough with all the miseries that flesh is heir to, but we must invite and call in the supernumerary luxuries of anticipating the horrors of a red-hot hell, and everlasting brimstone, in another world. Lost, lost is our quiet for ever: damned must we be beyond the power of God the Father to save us, beyond the redeeming efficacy of the blood of God the Son to redeem us, beyond the reach of salvation itself to save us, only, if one day we happened, unaware, to bolt out a naughty word against the Holy Ghost. Am I not justified, then, in charging the preachers of the gospel with being impostors, quacks, and deceivers of the people, when they preach up repentance towards God, and faith in the

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Lord Jesus Christ, as sufficient to salvation, when 'tis so evident that they are not sufficient? Their prescriptions do not and cannot reach the seat of the disease: and a man may be damned, all his repentance towards God, and faith in Jesus Christ, notwithstanding. (The gospel is nowhere faithfully and honestly preached but at the Rotunda.) Their nostrums are but a chip in porridge, —worse than a chip in porridge: they are actively and potently mischievous, and deadly poisonous, making their deceived patient to rest in a false confidence, to perish, because of his confidence, to die of his medicine when he might have recovered of his disease. Nay, by the pretended medecine itself, they inflict on him the disease which otherwise he would have escaped. For had there been no divine revelation at all, there would have been no sin at all,— and so we should have been equally free from the disease and from the physic.

But as it is: and if we must be persuaded that the text of the New Testament, in the way in which they understand it, is the word of God: Is it not handling the word of God deceitfully? Is it not "crying peace, peace, when there is no peace?" Is it not a lie against the Holy Ghost, to talk of the blood of Christ cleansing from all sin, when there *is* a sin from which it cannot cleanse? or to preach the all-sufficiency of Christ's atonement, when thus it stands upon the record, that that atonement is not sufficient? For what's the use of stopping all the leaks in your leaky ship but one, when that one sinks you quite.

What's the good of paying off all your creditors but the only one, whom you know before hand to be inexorable, who will cast you into prison? and "Verily I say unto you, thou shalt in no wise go hence till thou hast paid the utmost farthing."

Come, sinner,—come, be honest to thine own convictions, and venture to look for once into thine own affairs. Cast up the reckoning for the chance of thy salvation. Down with it: down with it! thy spiritual *assets* to meet the spiritual claims upon thee! Thou'lt go to Heaven, wilt thou? when thou diest? Thou'lt be in better plight than the unregenerate? the apostate? the infidel? or the blasphemer, I suppose?

Thou hast a reconciled God and Father to go to? And "being justified by faith, thou hast peace with God, through Jesus Christ?" hast thou? Ah, ah, "thy peace of God, which passeth all understanding," is a cheat, a fraud, a trick, a lie.

A reconciled God, an atoning Saviour! they are not worth a fig: they are of no use at all: you may be damned in spite of the blood of Christ to save thee, thinkest thou? Why, 'tis of less reckoning than the cankered pin upon a beggar's sleeve. Look'st

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unto Jesus? So looks the drowning wretch unto the distant shore, that mocks his misery by showing him he cannot swim to that, nor that to him.

There is another, a third, and a greater power than either thy God or Saviour, or than them both together, whose single VETO upon thy salvation doth render all the rest of the process a mockery of thy hopes, and an aggravation of thy despair. For the holy church, throughout the whole world doth acknowledge the Father of an infinite Majesty: his honourable, true, and only Son. But therewith go, "also the Holy Ghost," who, by the most cruel irony and sarcasm that was ever couched in language, is called, par eminence, "the Holy Ghost the Comforter."

Ere I proceed to serve ye up the intellectual feast, to which I have invited ye, I have a *grace before meat* to say, from the bottom of my heart to the heart of every good-hearted man in the assembly: let him lay a honest hand upon his honest heart, and withhold his *Amen* from the *grace* that I shall say, if he can do so,—if he can do so!

Hear it, all good men.

If a wise and good man saw thousands of his fellow-creatures, weak-minded men, credulous women, and defenceless children, all of them capable of becoming reasonable, had they been reasonably dealt with, driven instead into incurable madness by a confederacy of reverend knaves and thieves, who, to serve their wicked craft, have set up a fiction of their own imaginations merely, and led the poor simpletons to quail and shudder at the thought of committing an unpardonable sin against the fiction, would *he* be the evil-disposed and wicked person who should draw up the veil of mystery, and show to all who were not too blind to see what a fiction it was, and thus turn their reverence into scorn, their fear and quailing into honest laughter, and their childish religion into manly reason? For my exploits in this way, I have got the credit of being inspired by the Devil: and the clergy, who cannot defend their religion in any other way, are seeking to bring on me the punishment which the law assigns to blasphemy and witchcraft; but "this only is the witchcraft I have used."

So, having said grace, without further ceremony I shall fall to. And now for the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost.

For you may make the matter up again, and be as good friends as ever with God the Father, and God the Son, and blaspheme 'em as much as you please; but if you only speak a word against God the Holy Ghost, the fat's in the fire, and you're damned to all eternity.

Now, if God the Father and God the Son had really been

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friends of ours, and able to settle the business of our salvation between themselves, what place, office, or function, could a sane imagination imagine for so superfluous, and, at the same time, so mischievous a deity as the Holy Ghost? A more ridiculous plight could hardly be conceived, than that of our immortal souls, all tight and right for salvation, as far as God and his Son could save 'em: but to be damned and lost for ever, because there was a third party that required to be consulted on the occasion. But this, you see, is the consequence of having such a glorious constitution in your Kingdom of Heaven, as must consist of the three estates of the realm.

Your Reform Bill is proposed by the representative of God, approved and sanctioned by the patriotic God, and yet you and your bill may be thrown out and lost, by the impertinent interference of a third power,—the other house that you know nothing of, that represents no interests of yours, that's made up mainly by a bench of bishop's, against whom, if you but speak a word, it's a breach of privilege; you are condemned without judge or jury; and to Hell you go, in spite of all that God the Father and God the Son could do to save you.

Nor is the predicament of God the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, in this business, a whit less ridiculous than that of the damned soul, that had been deceived by the clergy to repose a vain and fruitless confidence in them. Since, if imagination is to have fair play, in imagining a soul damned for having committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, it is impossible not to imagine how God the Father and God the Son might express their sorrow and sympathy at such an unfortunate event.

As with the eye of faith, methinks I see God the Father looking over Heaven Wall, down into Hell Pit, and crying, "*Ah, poor sinner! what, are you there?*" And then waiting till another whiff of wind blows the smoke away; "*I'm sorry for ye, from the bottom of my heart, I'd never 'a damned you, no more would my Son.*" When up comes God the Holy Ghost, turns me God-'a-mighty round upon his heel, and thunders on him: "*Hark ye, my Lord God, attend to your own business! and spare your superfluous and uncalled-for pity. You and your Son may forgive all manner of sin and blasphemy committed against yourselves as you please. But, as for my forgiving a blasphemy, a sin, a word a thought, a breath, against my divinity, I'll see him damned first Your propitiation for sin is no coin that shall pass in my market the blood of Christ may atone for sins committed against you; but as for the blood of Christ, in cases of sin against me,—damn his blood.*"

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It may sound strange to you, Sirs: but this is the very pith and gist of the argument; the absolute and inevitable catastrophe of the supposition of an unpardoning and unforgiving God.

And so the bishops, who have always taught us that we must love our enemies, and bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitefully use us, have required us to love and bless, and pray to the Holy Ghost, the greatest enemy to us, and to our salvation, if there were any truth in the story, that could possibly be.

And by that blessed rule of contraries that runs through every thing of a religious nature, it is that never-pardoning, never-forgiving Holy Ghost, who drives men to despair, who cuts them off from all hope, and damns 'em to all eternity, only for saying the Lord's prayer backwards, who gets the pretty name of the COMFORTER, and who, they say, fills 'em "with all joy and peace in believing." We were wont to understand that Job's comforters were none of the most comfortable comforters. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, outherods Herod. And after you may have made your peace with God, through faith in Jesus Christ, is competent to step in, with his *Veto* upon your bill.

This, indeed, may be sport to the infidel, and a trifle to the hypocrite, but. to the person who has the misfortune to be a sincere believer, it must be truly horrible.

But to crown all! this day, which the church appoints to be kept holy to the peculiar honour of this wonderful good friend of ours, has got the name of Whit-Sunday, that is to say, I suppose, Witty Sunday.

Because the Holy Ghost is the giver of all wisdom, or wit. But little wit, indeed, has he given to those who believe in him, worship him, and are frightened out of their wits, for fear they should commit the unpardonable sin against him, without ever having inquired who or what he is, or where he came from; whether he was fish, flesh, bird, or beast; whether he was masculine, feminine, or neuter, and how, or when, he was first heard of, or what right he could have to damn our souls, when we were all right enough with the other party.

On all of which matters of infinite curiosity, a man who had the wit which a man should have, would insist on receiving the most ample satisfaction.

Because, if this "blood and fire, and vapour of smoke," which we read about in the service of this Witty Sunday, should prove to be nothing but a bag of smoke, it may turn out that the bishops have been smoking us all the while; and Whit-Sunday, instead of

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being kept so late as the middle of May, ought to have been fixed for the 1st of April.

Some of our learned divines, however tell us, that Whit-Sunday does not mean Whit-Sunday; it being the universal rule in matters of divinity, that a thing never means what it means, but Whit-Sunday means White Sunday. And I dare say it does; though, if it had not been for the sound of the thing, it would have been quite as witty to have called it Blue Sunday, or Yellow Sunday, or Green Sunday,—so it had never been forgotten that Greenwich Fair is the day afterwards.

But the colour of the day could only be derived from some analogy to the colour of the mind. And white, which was always the emblem of simplicity, because it is the easiest to be put upon: and so the forty year-old babies have been as much overawed by the terrors of White Sunday, as ever were the ten-year-olds by the thought of Black Monday.

Whit Sunday is also called the day of Pentecost, because the word πεντηχοστος, is the Greek for *Quinquagesimus*—that is *the fiftieth*, and this day is the fiftieth from Easter—that is, from the day of the Jewish *Pass-over*, and the Christian *Cross-over*, and the astronomical *Go-over*—that is, from the day when the Sun in the Ecliptic *passes over*, *crosses over*, or *goes over* the line of the Equator, at the time of the Vernal Equinox.

Notwithstanding the pretended celebration of this festival, in honour of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles in the visible appearance of fiery cloven tongues; an event which if it ever happened at all, must have happened *after* the date assigned to the resurrection of Christ. Certain it is, upon the showing of the Jew-books, that this self-same festival was kept for ages before that event. As it is called in those books, "*the feast of weeks.*" It being exactly seven weeks from their Passover, as it is from our Cross-over. And in *their* edition of the story, it fell on the same day, and was precisely in commemoration of the descent of the first person of the Trinity, upon Mount Sinai, in thunder and lightning, as it is with us, in commemoration of the descent of the third, upon *Mount Up-stairs* into the large upper room, in "blood and fire, and vapour of smoke."

With this most singular, and never-to-be-forgotten coincidence, that,

Whether this Patefaction of the Deity be "up stairs, or down stairs, or in my lady's chamber." it never took place, but in the month of May, and when the Sun was in the sign of *Gemini*, the Twins: where, happily for our illustration, it happens to be, at this minute, just entering Gemini, 35 minutes, 52 seconds of its first

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degree, this being May 22 : to-morrow it will have made the first degree complete, plus 33 minutes 52 seconds. May, being particularly the season of love, and towards the latter end of it, the beginning of the hay harvest, when the first ingatherings and early fruits gave us a *gust*, or fortaste of the forthcoming abundance : and the Sun, having entirely overcome the mistiness and fogs which attend his earlier career, shines forth in his full splendour. He is then said to be, and physically *is*, *clarified*, as our pens and quills are said to be clarified, when all the superfluous moisture, and goosegrease is, I know not how, boiled or baked, or dried out of them.

But, though the Sun is thus clarified, and cleared from all the mists that dim his splendour, when he enters the Twins of May, his heat is not yet so equably diffused, as when he shines directly down from his highest point of elevation, the summer solstice. In consequence of which, the air is heated and rarified, but partially, as over the sands of Africa; and over all those parts of the earth which reflect heat. So that the surrounding denser air, rushing in, in consequence, causes those rushing mighty minds, or *Holy Gusts*, which render the month of May full often peculiarly unpropitious to human health.

The word *holy* is but an affectedly solemn and religious-cant utterance of the word *hely*, purposely adopted to conceal its real meaning and derivation, from the Greek word *Helois ;* which signifies the Sun, as that Greek word is from HELI, which is, *My God* —that is, the *Sun*.

In like manner, the word GHOST, is but the drawling, mock solemn utterance, adopted for the same deceitful purpose, of the word GUST, or a *puff*, or blast of wind.

And *glory*, or *glorified*, and *glorification*, are similar cheats of the sound to hide the sense, which is clary, *clarified*, and *clarification ;* from whence our common words, *clear*, *clearly* and *clearness*. which I hope I have now made *clear* to your understandings.

So your Holy Ghost at last ends in a mere puff of wind. A *Hely* Gust—that is, *a gust of wind caused by the Sun*.

And we can give our Christian clergy a physical, rational and literal interpretation of their famous conundrum, John vii, 39, where, in the Greek, are these words : *απω γαρ ην πνευμα αγιον οτι ο Ιησους ουδεπω εδοξασθη*.

" For as yet there was no Holy Ghost because Jesus was not yet *clarified*."—(solution.)

That peculiar rushing wind from Heaven, can be produced only by the Sun, and then, and not before, when the Sun is *clarified*, as he is in May.

And all this, in illustration of another enigma, " *He that be-*

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lieveth in me out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Yes, yes! And this is Christian instruction for you: this is the blessed effect of believing in Christ. It will give a man the dropsy in his belly. and not pints, or quarts, or gallons, but rivers of living waters? God, the Waters may be living, but the Devil's in't if the man must not be dying. What would become of such a believer: his dearest friends must be afraid of coming near him, for fear of being drowned. He'd overwhelm us.

St. Luke mentions Christ's healing a certain man, which was before him, and which had the dropsy, as if it had been a very kind and charitable thing to cure a man of the dropsy. But here, in St. John, we have the dropsy, and the most inordinate dropsy that ever was in the world, described as a privilege, and benefit to be conferred on a man as a reward for his believing in Christ. Could wilder nonsense, could more execrable insanity, and stark staring madness resound through the walls of Bedlam, than this? or than the best interpretation of this, that any clergyman you ever heard before in your lives could ever give you? Or could you have clearer demonstration that your clergy really are enemies to the diffusion of good sense and rational learning among men, than when you see them unable to meet a man in argument, or vie with him in honest labours, to rationalize society, seeking to brand him with the name of evil disposed wicked person, and to assign him to the penalties due to felony and crime?

As see ye, sirs: the "certain man which had the dropsy," in Luke's gospel, was indeed a *certain man* that very particular certain man, that had such a very particular sort of dropsy, as no man but he.

And that we may be more particular as to the identity of that certain man, which had the dropsy, the evangelist points him out to us, with that particular admonitory hint to us, which nobody takes any notice of. but which is the key of the whole riddle. "*Behold!*" "Behold a certain man." This certain man with the dropsy, then. is a man that may be *beheld*, looked at, seen, observed. Beheld! where? He's not here, surely. *Holloa, Old Potbelly, where are you?*

The text supplies an answer even to that question, a certain man, "*before him*"—that is, not in his presence, or *behind* him. as was the certain Cyro-Phœnician woman which came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment, but *before* him—that is, *in his way:* so that Jesus must run over him if he does not get out of his way

And then it follows that he "*healed*" him—that is, not that he *cured* him of the dropsy; the Devil-a-bit, for that was as bad as ever.

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He has a relapse of this complaint every spring of the year; and so appears again in the gospel of St. John, as the believer in Christ, like the poor Chinese, Hoo Loo, so used to his tumour, that 'twould kill him to take it away, though out of his belly flow rivers of living water.

So Jesus is not said to cure him, but he *healed* him; that word, from HELIOS, the *Sun*, signifying merely that he shone upon him—that is, he *Sunned* him, as the sacred words are, "*he took him, and healed him, and let him go.*" And here you see the old boy, in Aquarius, the genius of January, with the pot right upon his belly and rivers of living water literally and annually flowing out of it. As the inundations of both the Nile and the Ganges, the most famous rivers of the whole earth, annually take place at the time of the Sun's entering into the constellation of Aquarius, the *Water Bearer*. And Jesus every year, literally and physically, *takes* this dropsical man, and Suns him, and lets him go, when he *takes up*, and enters into the group, which constitutes this constellation, as it stands in his annual course, shines in it, passes through it; so he heals it, and lets it go: as David calls upon the Sun to do, in order that he may pull himself out of the mire and clay of winter. "Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, and on the Son of Man, whom thou madest so strong for thine own self." Psalm 80.

The witty miracle, or descent of the Holy Ghost, on the apostles, by the rule of contraries, which runs through the whole of sacred writ, is in the letter so excessively and inordinately silly, that we find our Christian ministers, notwithstanding their mendacious professions of not being ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, most egregiously ashamed of the Acts of the Apostles: so much so, that though, like the Pagan Augurs, whose successors they are, they job the job, of saying as little about it as possible from their pulpit, no two of them would venture to speak of it in the presence of a third, without making him promise, that he would not point his finger and laugh.

For first the miracle was wholly superfluous and unnecessary, yea impossible, unless Christ himself were an impostor, which I am sure he was not.

For how could the apostles receive the Holy Ghost, when they were already in full possession of the Holy Ghost?

And how could Christ possibly send down the Holy Ghost from Heaven, after his ascension, when *before* his ascension, he had actually given them the Holy Ghost, and, consequently, put them in full possession of all the advantages that could attend the possession of that gift.

"He breathed on them," says John, in his gospel, xx. 22; and

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saith unto them: "*Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted, and whosever sins ye retain, they are retained.*"

What could priestly pride and arrogance want more than this?

What could it be but a mere sending coals to Newcastle? to supply 'em with any more Holy Ghost, after such a *blow-out* as this?

And can we suppose, that the power to forgive and retain sins, would have been given to men who had yet to wait till *Wit Sunday*, before they could have wit enough to know how to exercise that power, or sufficient of the gift of talking, to say enough about it.

But out again,—this is but half the foolery on't. For, after having received the Holy Ghost, to endure them with supernatural wisdom, and the gift of tongues, to enable them to speak all the languages of the earth in a moment of time, we find, that the next day they had forgotten all those learned languages, and even spoke their own so clownishly and ungrammatically, that even the Bow-street magistrates took notice of Peter and John, the two principals, "that they were unlearned and ignorant men." Acts iv. 13.

The prominence of Peter and John, in this affair of the tongues in which Peter, after all, was the only one who seemed to make any use of his tongue, must lead us to think that these two were the representatives of all the rest: so that, in reality, there were but two of them on whose heads the fiery tongues actually sat: and who were in that "large upper room," not to say the first floor down the chimney, when, "suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting."

Sitting, sirs! they were *sitting;* and, like their impudence, it must have been, to be in a sitting position, when the third person in the Trinity was come to visit them. "They were all, with one accord, in one place: so that, however many of them, they made up but *one* congregation, and had but two dignities of the first magnitude among them. And the one place, where they were with one accord, is in the Greek of the immediately preceding chapter, called, το υπερωον: with this still more critical and curious piece of exactness,—that this rushing mighty wind from Heaven, which was the Holy Ghost, was to come. not *about* the time of Pentecost merely, or *on* the day of Pentecost, which might have seemed particular enough; but not till the day of Pentecost was *fully* come. As if this matter were regulated with the precision of a chronometer.

The hint given to our observance, is, that whenever the Holy Ghost is concerned with a man's *upper story*, we should not only

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see which way the wind blows, but also be very particular as to what time o' the day it is with him.

Of which propriety the church throws us out a pretty broad hint, in her Witty Sunday collect: "Grant us by the same spirit to have a right judgment in all things, *Amen*"—that is to say Ammon—that is to say *Gammon*, that is, we must be up to Gammon, and take a special care to have a right judgment in all Holy Ghost transactions.

Thus, as the Holy Ghost means most literally nothing more than the Sun-heated air—that is, a Holy Gust, or a Gust rushing through a hole—as it is expressly called, "a rushing mighty wind." And we see that it is the property of the wind to produce a mere noise, without any sort of sense or articulate coherency. We see what kind of use they would be likely to make of their tongues, "who spoke only as the Spirit gave them utterance."

As you may see and hear for yourselves, to this day, in what they call extemporaneous preaching, and what passes for eloquence at the other shops,—that they have indeed the gift of tongues most abundantly, but the Devil-a-bit of the gift of common sense, or intelligible congruity with their tongues.

You may hear them rattle away, like the clapper in a cherry tree. All the louder, and all the faster, the more of the Holy Gust blows upon, while they themselves are as unconscious of any meaning in their clamour, as the daws and sparrows that are fools enough to be frightened at it.

Had the severest sarcasm that ingenuity could devise, have been intended (and who could say that it was not intended?) in this witty miracle, how could it be wrought up to finer effect, than in the exhibition of a set of fellows, under the influence of a brain fever, imagining that the heat they felt about the head was a tongue of fire, and that the ramblings of their delirium were spoken, not by the tongues of their mouths, but by knots on the tops of their night-caps. So that their friends, making the best apology they can for them, say, that they must be drunk. Whereupon the chief speaker among them, in order to prove that they were not drunk, "standing up," and, "lifting up his voice," explains to them, that it was impossible that they could be drunk, because they had only been drinking for three hours, "seeing it was but the third hour" of the day. And as a further proof that they were not drunk, he beseeches them, only to listen for a few moments, how rationally and sober he can talk. And then he tips 'em off that fine specimen of rational argument, and sober calm, and manly reasoning, "Your daughters shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams, a dark Sun, a bloody Moon, blood and fire, and vapour and smoke."

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Whereupon the more sensible part of their hearers sue out a writ *de Lunatico Inquirendo:* and, for the safety of the public, the ministers of divine wisdom are put into the fittest place for all the divine ministers.

Such is the impression, that the story in any relations to an historical character of it, would necessarily produce on any honest mind And so well aware are the privileged deceivers of the people, that this *would be* the impression, that though it is in the system of their theology, the *sine qua non:* the great and ultimate proof of Christ's resurrection (as it really is in nature, the proof of the Sun's having reached the great object of his desire, the Gemini, or Twins of May), that they always shirk it. Even the maddest of our evangelical preachers, mad as they are, have too much of that shrewd cunning which accompanies madness, to expose themselves to the laughter which would attend on any explanation they could give, of this witless Whit Sunday witty miracle.

But mad and foolish beyond all names of madness and folly, as is all that you ever heard, about this Holy Ghost affair, in church or chapel: It is not madness nor foolishness that we offer you at the Rotunda. I, indeed, laugh at their interpretations of scripture, can they return the compliment and laugh at mine? Indeed they cannot: or, if they did, 'tis at the wrong side of their mouths.

But "Wisdom is justified of her children." And here are her children, the Gemini of May, the great object of desire to the *personified* genius of the Sun, in the gospel pantomime, where, as you see, they turn their faces from him, and Master Castor is holding up his hand, as if to push him off: While he coaxes them to him in these allegorical words: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And of such as you see, really *is* the Kingdom of Heaven. Such is the Sun's position really and literally on the day of Pentecost—that is, on the fiftieth day from Easter.

And to all the analogies of their historical nonsense of the day of Pentecost, present we here that rational, philosophical, and demonstrative solution, which, they who dared not come and hear it, for fear they should be convinced, call blasphemy.

For see, sirs. *Problem* 1.—Were they all with one accord in one place, so that how many soever they were, they made up but one unanimous congregation?

Solution.—The Stars which make up the whole constellation of Gemini, which are 85 in Flamstead's catalogue, though only 25 in the catalogues of Ptolemy and Tycho, are most literally with

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one accord in one place, and form but one constellation, consisting of two brothers, Castor and Pollux, answering to two brothers, Peter and John, who are the two who represent the whole company, and were the only two who made any use of their tongues.

Problem 2.—And they were sitting, when the Holy Ghost came, and filled *all the house where they were sitting.*

Solution.—The Gemini, or Twins of May, are, and always were represented in a sitting position, the two boys kissing and cuddling each other.

Problem 3.—And what particular large upper room, in which they were, is called an upper room.

Solution.—In relation to appearances with us, it is *up* indeed, e'en up in the vaulty arch so high above our heads.

Problem 4.—And it is called in the Greek το υπερωόν—that is, literally, in the *egg* above.

Solution.—The Castor and Pollux of the Zodiac are represented as hardly out of the shell, and were both believed to be oviparous—that is, *born from the egg* of Lœda, the wife of Tyndarus.

But the most curious and literal of all these analogies is *that* contained in those words of sacred writ, which every body has read, but nobody has read, with their eyes sufficiently open to see exactly what it was that they were reading.

"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat *upon each of them.*" Εφ ενα εκαστον αυτων—that is, upon both of them—that is, upon the two only, Peter and John, or Peter and Thomas, as representatives of the whole constellation.

And here are the "cloven tongues like as of fire," sitting upon the heads of each of the brothers, Castor and Pollux, the pretty prattling children of the Zodiac, who, if they could not prattle better stuff than the pantomime sets down for them, had better hold their tongues: lest other children should apply to them the proverb—

"Tell tale tit
Your tongue shall be slit."

A slit tongue, or a cloven tongue, never being emblematical of any thing else than a lying tongue. Their identity with the disciples is further sustained by the fact of their eternal childhood, as we find them addressed by Christ, both before and after his resurrection, notwithstanding their beards were thick enough, by the wheedling epithet, "*little children,*" as in John xiii. 33. Where he

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speaks to them, like mamma to her little pets, "Little children, yet a little while I am with you, and whither I go ye cannot come;" which, for all the sense your clergy could ever give you of it, is as pretty a

"Bye baby bunting
Your father's gone a hunting,"

as ever lulled to rest the tetchy squallers of the nursery.

But philosophically most accurate: the little while that he is with the little children, is, from this day, Whit Sunday, May 22, till Wednesday, June 22, when he leaves the little children, and passes into Cancer the Crab: and, sure enough, whither he goes they cannot come.

So did the ancient astronomers, in this enigmatical fiction, record their accurate knowledge of the proper motions and relations of the heavenly bodies.

The Pagan story of Castor and Pollux, which is quite of as good authority, and of infinitely higher antiquity than the story of the Acts of the Apostles: as we have it in Diodorus Siculus, relates that these Gods, sailing with Jason, in the Argonautic expedition, to bring back the Golden Fleece, saved the vessel from a dreadful storm (that is, surely, from "a rushing mighty wind"), there appearing upon the heads of Castor and Pollux two lambent flames—that is, surely, "cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them:" which appearance was followed by so great a calm, as left no doubt on the minds of any of them, that the persons on whose heads the fiery tongues had been seen were divinely inspired.

And, as in the visible heavens, when the first star in the toe of Castor, is at the Zenith, at that moment, the two Equinoctial points are respectively at the eastern and western edge of the horizon, Castor and Pollux were believed to preside in an especial manner over all courts of law and justice.

And hence, in all theologies, consisting alike as all systems of theology have done, of an allegory upon natural phœnomena, the origin and never altered, never varied observance of the principle, that the promulgation of the law should always be from the top of a mountain.

Jupiter thunders forth his decrees from the top of Mount Olympus—Yahough or Jehovah gives his laws from the top of Mount Sinai.

And Jesus Christ preaches his sermon from the Mount.

But here is the solution of the whole mystery. As the mythology of Castor and Pollux ran, that they should always be

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antipodes to each other: so that when one was in Heaven the other should be in Hell. Here you see precisely opposite to the place of Castor and Pollux, in the Zodiac, is the Holy Ghost flying away with "his beloved Son, in whom he is well pleased." Here is St. John, on whom the cloven tongue had sat when he was in the large upper room, turned into the boy Antinous, carried away by the eagle of Jupiter. The eagle itself being identified with Jupiter in the Pagan Mythos, as the Pigeon of the Gospel is identified with the Holy Ghost in the Christian fable: the beloved disciple with his Eagle on the pediment of your Christian Cathedral, is thus identified with the Ganymede or Antinous of the Pagan Mythology.

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON THE HOLY GHOST.

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